

SHORT TALKS BY
L. T. COOPER.

MEDICINE.

It's curious what some people believe a medicine will do. They seem to think because I advertise my preparations I claim they will cure anything and everything. Well, I don't. The other day I got a letter from a woman who said her husband had been in bed eighteen years with paralysis. She had bought seven bottles of the Cooper medicines and her husband was still in bed.



MISS ISAACSON.

She stated that I was a scoundrel, a robber and various other pleasant things. Now the only thing I claim for Cooper's New Discovery is that it will put the stomach in working order. I know that if this is done, rheumatism, constipation, kidney and liver troubles, nervousness, and the general tired out, despondent feeling will disappear in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. I know this medicine to be a fine tonic which used twice a year will throw off impurities and add flesh, strength and tone to the entire system. But it will not do the impossible. No medicine on earth will do more than help nature. Certain diseases are beyond all medicine, although God in his wisdom may some day give us frail humans a knowledge of how to cure them. At present I know Cooper's New Discovery to be as thoroughly efficient a medicine as was ever on the market, and people who will take it for the common ills to which flesh is heir will be more than satisfied.

Here is a letter from one who has tried: "For a long time I have suffered from severe headaches, weakness, and pains in my back and sides."

"Nothing I tried gave me relief, and a friend advised me to try your medicine. I improved from the first week. My backache and headache left me and I felt myself growing stronger. My appetite increased and I felt greatly improved in every way. I am indeed thankful for the benefit I have received." Miss Jennie Isaacson, No. 18 15th Avenue, West, Duluth, Minn.

We have sold and are selling great quantities of these famous medicines.

H. D. McCULLOCH CO.

OFFICERS RE-ELECTED

Annual Meeting of Stevens Point Oil Co. Held Last Wednesday Evening—Good Reports Presented.

The annual meeting of the Stevens Point Oil Co. was held at the office of D. E. Frost, in this city, last Wednesday, and although the attendance was small, the total number of shares represented by proxies and in person amounted to 282,780. The annual report of the secretary and treasurer showed that a total of 728,890 barrels of oil had been produced by the company since it commenced operating, and the average price received was a little over 58 cents per barrel. Of this number, a total of 156,975 barrels were produced for the year ending June 10, 1907, and the average price was a little less than 41 cents per barrel. The total number of shares of stock issued by the company is 315,000, and the sum of \$165,376 has been paid in dividends, being 52 1/2 per cent. The company has 32 wells, 7 of which flow and the balance are pumped. Officers and directors were re-elected as follows:

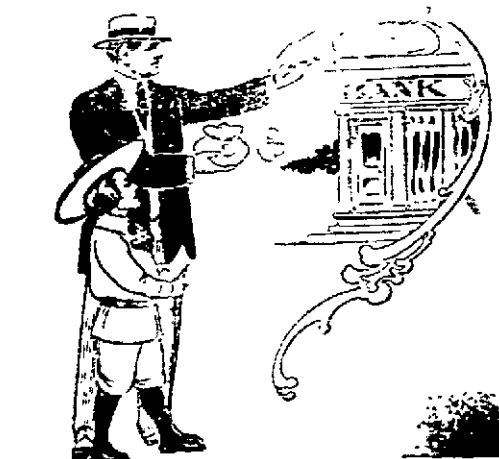
President—H. V. Foster.
Vice Pres.—D. E. Frost.
Sec. and Treas.—M. G. Road.
Directors—H. V. Foster, D. E. Frost, J. E. Meloy, M. A. Hadcock, R. D. Road.

Change in Time of Way Freight.

North bound way freight, carrying passengers from Stevens Point to Junction City, will hereafter leave Stevens Point at 5:45 instead of 6:45. This schedule is now in effect.

[First pub. June 19—ins 4] TAKEN UP.

A red heifer calf about 6 months old, with horns about 2 inches long, came into the enclosure of the undersigned, section 25, town of Plover, about three weeks ago. The owner is requested to call, pay charges and take same away.
Dated June 18, 1907. MARTIN BEYER.



INTRODUCE YOUR BOY TO US

and let him bring us his little savings. "Train up a child in the way he should go," and the best way to do this is to travel that way occasionally yourself. Do you deposit with us? If not, why not? Do you know that we are the largest and soundest financial institution in town; that the wealthiest people place their accounts with us? Follow their example and you will never regret it.

Citizens National Bank

Capital \$100,000
THE LARGEST IN PORTAGE COUNTY

More Locals.

A. J. Kubinski, of Fancher, was a business visitor to the city, last Thursday.

Mrs. H. L. Bannister and children have been visiting at Des Plaines, Ill., for several days.

Square dealing is Jos. Glinski's motto. Give him a call before ordering your suit or overcoat.

Mrs. E. H. Jey returned from St. Louis, the last of the week, where she had spent several weeks among friends.

Mrs. Chas. Cline, of Jackson, Mich., is enjoying a visit at the home of her aunt, Mrs. John H. Brunker, on Main street.

Jos. Glinski, the tailor, is now prepared to make you a suit or overcoat. Prices the lowest and a fit is guaranteed.

Chas. A. Behrendt, of Chilton, Minn., has been a guest of his brother, A. F. Behrendt, on Clark street, for the past few days.

Miss Zella Delaney, of Amherst, is visiting in the city, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. M. J. Cauley, to remain until after the 4th.

Henry Halverson returned from Milladore, last week, where he has been principal of the village schools for the past couple of years.

Mrs. Meacher, of Portage, came up last week for a visit at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. H. Taylor, at the Plover Paper Co. mills.

Kenneth Pray, a former Stevens Point young man, graduated from the Wisconsin University last week, receiving the degree of bachelor of arts.

Mrs. C. H. Alley and daughter, of Dunbar, has been visiting her father, Jas. Gardiner, and aunt, Mrs. Mary Redfield, in this city, for the past few days.

Mrs. D. A. Taylor left for her home at Bangor, last Friday, after an extended visit at the old home on Normal avenue, and was accompanied by her younger sister, Veda Parker.

Jos. Z. Perron, a machinist and pattern maker who for many years resided in Stevens Point, who has been living in Minnesota for a number of years, is dead, having passed away some weeks ago.

Mrs. Wm. O'Brien, of Montello, was a visitor at the home of M. Clark, on Plover street, several days last week. Her daughter, Miss Kathryn, graduated from the Normal elementary class.

In wealth of material and novel ideas, the Normal Iris for 1907, the annual school booklet, is a notable issue and speaks well for the gift of originality possessed by the committees responsible for its creation.

Wm. Brady and wife drove up from Almond last Friday morning, expecting to enjoy a visit with the lady's uncle, Oscar Barber, at Mercy hospital, but were surprised and grieved to learn that the venerable gentleman had died.

Men wanted—3,000 for steady lumber work in vicinity of Kalispell, Somers and Eureka, Montana. Work for all. Highest wages. Woods, yards or mill. Many opportunities. Come or write, E. H. Broughton, Kalispell, Mont.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Brady and little daughter, Alice, were here from Buena Vista last Thursday and Friday, coming up to witness the graduation of their daughter and sister, Miss Grace Brady, from the Normal elementary course.

Mrs. P. O. Means was down from Wausau last week to attend the Normal commencement exercises and visit at the home of her brother-in-law, John R. Means. The latter's daughter, Miss Blanche Means, was one of the full course graduates.

Mrs. Jas. Anderson, who is visiting among relatives at the old home in the town of Lanark, spent a few hours in the city last Thursday. Mr. Anderson, who was recently taken to Oshkosh for treatment, remains about the same as when he left here.

For Sale—Park Hotel, Marshfield; partially furnished, 16 bedrooms. A good chance for practical man or woman. Might consider trade for farm or timber land if property is worth what is asked. Address Adam Paulus, Marshfield, Wis.

Mrs. J. S. Pipe spent a day or two at Waupaca, last week, going down to attend the wedding of her niece, Miss Maude Pipe, daughter of Thos. Pipe, to Chas. M. Hall. The ceremony was performed at St. Mark's Episcopal church and was one of the society events of the season.

Mrs. S. H. Seivright and son, James, of Rhinelander, spent a part of last week in the city visiting among relatives, this being their former home. They left for New London, Friday afternoon, to spend a few days among relatives at that place. Jas. holds a position as bookkeeper and stenographer for the Donaldson Lumber Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Don C. Hall, two sons and daughter, the well known theatrical people, spent part of Thursday and Friday in this city. They have been giving entertainments at Bancroft for a few days this week. Mr. Hall intends to spend next winter in South America, providing he fully regains his health, which has not been of the best for the past few months.

The Stevens Point Normal catalogue for 1907-8 has been issued and copies are being distributed by Pres. Sims and his corps of assistants. The catalogue is interesting and attractive throughout, contains everything of information relative to the school, its teachers, graduates and pupils, and is somewhat larger than any printed in the past, containing 84 pages.

Mrs. Frank Hermann and daughter, Miss Susie, who have been living on Prentice street, just above the city limits, for the past several years, have recently disposed of their property, consisting of a neat residence and three acres of land, to a Polish family from Chicago, who have taken possession. Mrs. Hermann and daughter are now residing at 612 Reserve street, having rented for the present.

Bernard Hoffman, who has been with The Gazette for the past year as a collector and reporter, left for Antigo, last Friday morning, to take part in the Saengerfest festivities, and expects to remain in that vicinity for a time canvassing for subscribers for the Success magazine. Bernard is a bright, energetic young man and is ambitious to secure a higher education. With that end in view he hopes to go to Madison in September and enter the Wisconsin University.

MONEY STORED IN A SHOE CLASS DAY AT NORMAL

Mrs. Meyer, an Aged and Insane Woman. Hides Money and Reports She Was Rubbed Sent to Asylum.

Mrs. Wilhelmina Meyer, who was 80 years of age on the 14th of last April, was declared insane by Dr. Southwick and Walter, last Saturday morning, and was taken to the asylum at Oshkosh that day by Sheriff Guyant. Last October the aged lady, who is an aunt of Mrs. Wm. Marquardt, asked to have the latter and her husband remove from their home on Prairie street to Mrs. Meyer's home at 217 Wayne street, in the 6th ward, to care for her in her old age, and in consideration she decided her property in their name. The husband had died about three months previously, and the old lady did not want to live alone. Marquardt and his wife finally consented, and everything went along well for a time, but of late Mrs. Meyer had shown unmistakable signs of a mental breakdown, and it was with difficulty that the younger couple could pacify her at times. Last Wednesday night she wandered about the house nearly all night, burning matches and keeping the others awake. Mr. Marquardt persuaded her to go to bed at one time, and took a lamp away so that she could not find it, fearing that she would set the house on fire. At this time she had a bank certificate of deposit in one hand, and he told her to take that to bed with her, but she replied, "There are robbers in the house, and they want to get my money."

The next morning she was unable to find the certificate, and went about the neighborhood with the story that she had been robbed of \$400 in cash, money that she had received from the sale of a farm, and charging her benefactors with a guilty knowledge. The story spread from one to the other, losing none of its flavor or substance as it moved about, and was taken up by Chief Leahy, with the result that the woman was declared insane, as above stated. In the meantime the lost money, amounting to just \$425.73 had been found stuffed away in an old overshoe, where Mrs. Meyer had undoubtedly placed it sometime during the night. The wealth was in the form of a certificate for \$420, a five dollar bill and the balance in silver and pennies. This will be held by Mr. Marquardt subject to the outcome of the aged lady's mental and physical condition. The notoriety the unfortunate woman's story gave him was rather embarrassing, to say the least, but anyone who knows both Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Marquardt readily recognized that it was only the imagination of one who was not responsible for what she said.

Thirty-five Miles of Ditch.

The Buena Vista Drainage Commissioners, Wm. Gaulke, D. H. Pratt and W. B. Coddington, spent last Thursday in the city in monthly business session. At that time the ditch digging contractors had completed 35 miles of work out of the total of between 55 and 56 miles, leaving over 20 miles yet to dig. The commissioners awarded a contract to S. J. Berry, of Plover, to build six bridges across different parts of the canal or ditch, each to have steel rails and stringers, placed on stone abutments, and to cost about \$300 each. One will be 28 feet and the others 24 feet.

Laid at Rest.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Geo. Oertel was held from the Friedens church, South Side, at 2 o'clock last Thursday afternoon, Rev. R. Katern-dahl officiating. A large delegation of members of Sharette and Stumpf lodges of Odd Fellows marched from the house to the church and thence to the grave, as did also the ladies of the church society to which the deceased belonged, and many other friends were present to pay their last respects, including Emil Zimmer and wife, of Ashland; David Lutz, Sr., David Lutz, Jr., and Jacob Lutz and wife, Grand Rapids; Geo. Zimmer, Eveleth, Minn.; Robt. Zimmer, Kolze, Ill.; John Zimmer, Winnipeg; Maurice Sax, Coaldale, Col., and Mrs. Lizzie Kuenzel, of Oshkosh. The pallbearers were Louis Port, George Urban, Fred Stieler, Geo. D. Oertel, George Julier, Wm. Marquardt and Chas. Dittman.

For Sports and Parade.

The following additional committees have been selected to look after departments in the 4th of July parade as here designated:

Manufacturers—A. E. Bourn, C. E. Van Hecke, H. H. Pagel.
Merchants—T. L. McGlachlin, Dr. J. M. Bischoff, F. B. Gano.
Benevolent Societies—A. C. Krembs, Joseph Ciecholinski, E. A. Mace.
Autos—Dr. J. M. Bischoff, C. E. Van Hecke, F. E. Gano.
Floral, States and School Children—Mrs. G. B. Clark, Mrs. G. M. Houlehan, F. Lica, Alex. Love.
Rag Muffins—A. Ringness, R. Oberlatz, H. Krembs.
Teams—A. A. Myers.

Prizes will be given as follows: Best decorated auto, \$5; display by manufacturers, \$7, \$3, \$2; display by merchants, \$7, \$3, \$2; best display by societies, \$3, \$2, \$1; carriages, \$5, \$3; rag muffins, group, pair and single, \$5. divided as committee may decide. Best and second best group of school children, numbering from 25 to 50, bunch of fire crackers for each child.

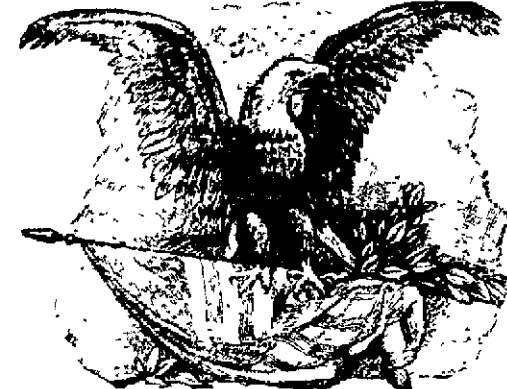
Married Thursday Afternoon.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Guy F. Martin, 814 Center avenue, at 4 o'clock last Thursday afternoon, occurred the marriage of the latter's sister, Miss Emozine Dickinson and Fred Zwaska, both of Milwaukee. Rev. James Blake officiating. The attendants were the sister and brother-in-law of the bride above mentioned, and the ceremony was witnessed by a number of friends and relatives of the contracting parties. A reception followed and a wedding dinner was served by Mrs. Mary Mason, as caterer, assisted by Misses Ella Ellerwood and Gertrude Chamberlain. Those present from outside were two sisters of the groom, Misses Amanda and Selma Zwaska, of Milwaukee. The bride has visited here frequently and was also a student at the Normal for a time. The groom is associated with a plumbing firm in Milwaukee, where they will make their future home, leaving for that city in a day or two.

GRAND CELEBRATION
AT STEVENS POINT
FOURTH OF JULY

Beginning at Sunrise and Continuing Throughout the Day

One Continuous Round of Merriment



Plenty of Music by the Union Band

All to Take Place on the Square at the South Side

PROGRAM

FORENOON—GRAND PARADE AT 9:30—Consisting of Band, Fire Companies, Lodges, Rag Muffins, and the Grandest Industrial and Automobile Parade ever seen in Central Wisconsin.

Speeches, Songs and Music at the South Side after the Parade.

AFTERNOON—Athletic Events commencing at 1:30 o'clock sharp.

BASE BALL at the Fair Grounds at 3 o'clock.

EVENING—A Fire Run on Division street at 7:30 o'clock.

A GORGEOUS DISPLAY OF

FIREWORKS

Beginning at 8:30, will Conclude the Day's Program.

DO NOT MISS THIS CELEBRATION—EXCURSION RATES ON ALL RAILROADS.

Vudor Porch Shades
Hammocks
HAWKEYE
Refrigerator Baskets
H. D. McCulloch Co.

Improve
the appearance of your lawn with a
Hand Carved
Stone Plant Jar
They add largely to the beauty of your
premises. Prices range from
\$7.00 up
We do Fine Monumental Designing and
guarantee all of our work to be done in a first
class manner.
HENRY HAERTEL
Strong's Avenue and Crooked Way

MEN WANTED
To Earn Good Salaries from
\$2.00 to \$10.00 a month at the
Hands Nursery block, Fruit
and Ornamental trees for sale
and planting. The best prices
guaranteed. Write to the
L. L. May & Co., St. Paul, Minn.
Nurserymen, Florists & Seedsmen.

Verdict for Dr. Pierce
Ladies' Home Journal.

Sending truth after a lie. It is an old maxim that "a lie will travel seven leagues while truth is getting its boots on." and no doubt hundreds of thousands of good people read the unwarranted and malicious attack upon Dr. R. V. Pierce and his "Favorite Prescription" published in the May (1904) number of the Ladies' Home Journal, with its great black display headings, who never saw the humble, groveling retraction, with its inconspicuous heading, published two months later. It was boldly charged in the slanderous and libelous article that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of woman's weaknesses and ailments, contained alcohol and other harmful ingredients. Dr. Pierce promptly brought suit against the publishers of the Ladies' Home Journal, for \$300,000.00 damages. Dr. Pierce alleged that Mr. Bok, the editor, maliciously published the article containing such false and defamatory matter with the intent of injuring his business, furthermore, that no alcohol, or other poisonous, or habit-forming drugs are, or ever were, contained in his "Favorite Prescription"; that said medicine is made from native medicinal roots and contains no harmful ingredients whatever, and that Mr. Bok's malicious statement was wholly and absolutely false. In the retraction printed by said Journal, they were forced to acknowledge that they had contained charges of "Favorite Prescription" from eminent chemists, all of whom certified that it did not contain alcohol or any of the alleged harmful drugs. These facts were also proven in the trial of the action in the Supreme Court. But the business of Dr. Pierce was greatly injured by the publication of the libelous article with its great display headings, while hundreds of thousands who read the wickedly defamatory article never saw the humble groveling retraction, set in small type and made as inconspicuous as possible. The matter was, however, brought before a jury in the Supreme Court of New York State which promptly rendered a verdict in the Doctor's favor. Thus his traducers came to grief and their base slanders were refuted.

Wood For Sale. Dry mill wood, 16 inches long, and dry hard wood, 16 inch and 4 foot long, delivered on call. Telephone 54. T. Oison, 502 Franklin street. n21tf

An armless couple were recently married in Ohio. They have no intention of going through life hand in hand.

CUT RATE SHIPPING. Cut rates on household goods to Pacific coast and other points. Superior service at reduced rates. The Boyd Transfer Co., Minneapolis, Minn. tf

The cause of universal peace will get some of its hardest jolts when it is proposed to do away entirely with military titles.

No greater mistake can be made than to consider lightly the evidence of disease in your system. Don't take desperate chances on ordinary medicines. Use Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, tea or tablets. H. D. McCulloch Co.

An ex-alderman has just been robbed, the sad feature being that he has retired from politics and there is no way for him to get even.

HE PAYS CASH. Chas. Fischer, 307 Clark street, pays the highest cash price for all kinds of junk, including rags, rubbers, copper and brass, zinc, iron, tea lead, etc. You will make money by selling to him in preference to anyone else, and bring your old thrash to his place of business or call him up by telephone, No. 3074. tf

Russia and Japan have both evacuated Manchuria now. Russia might have saved herself a lot of trouble by getting out on October 8, 1903, as she had promised.

C. Krembs & Bro., Established in 1863. At their store on public square you will always find a full stock of general hardware, tinware, stoves, ranges, lawn mowers, plows, cultivators, pumps, ropes, fence wire, mill supplies of all descriptions, etc. All orders for roofing and other tin and sheet iron work promptly executed. Also agents for the celebrated Round Oak furnace. tf

In case universal peace is agreed upon we may expect some wicked corporation to get a monopoly of converting the swords into plowshares and pruning hooks.

Kern's Shoes
For Men and Women



Best in Quality and Style
Most Moderate in Price

It's a proven fact that in buying Kern's Shoes you get the best your money can buy. The high standard of our shoes is brought about by the great care and exactness we practice in the making of them. Correct Style and Exclusive Design is the result.

KERN SHOE CO.

QUEER PAGE OF A DEER.
Interesting Sight at the Bronx Park Zoo in New York.

Passing by a paddock of deer in the Bronx zoological park late on a snowy afternoon the past season, the visitor at first saw absolutely nothing of interest. Not even a squirrel was visible, and most of the deer had gone into their sheds for the night. But suddenly a beautiful buck took fright at something and from a quiet, sheepy creature became transformed into the most alert thing in the world.

There followed a wonderful exhibition of speed, varied with almost every pace and gait possible to a four-footed animal. At first the deer walked daintily along one of the deep trails which he and his fellows had worn in the deep snow, and then, almost imperceptibly, this gait changed into a slow trot, hoof following hoof with quick regularity, gradually quickening into a canter.

Reaching the boundary fence, he turned like a flash and left the trail. Up went his tail, and, bounding along in galloping leaps, he approached a large projecting bowlder. A jump of five feet would have cleared it, but this almost winged creature soared over bowlder and snow for twelve feet or more, rising without an effort and alighting easily and gracefully, with all four feet close together. From this point on the most wonderful gait of all was assumed. A horse can trot, canter, pace and gallop, but no horse in the world could imitate the marvelous series of springing leaps to which a deer so often changes from a full gallop. The head and body seem to be held on a dead level, while all four legs move as one, spurning the earth every six or eight feet, with as little apparent exertion as a horse uses in pawing the ground. Watch as closely as you will, and never a tremor of the body or head will you see.

Perhaps the most remarkable part of it all is just before the deer comes to a standstill. Although its speed slackens, the leaps continue, making up in height what they lose in distance, until the animal appears to be almost stationary, moving forward but a few inches at each leap. To see the great body of the deer bounding high into the air with no apparent exertion is a most strange sight. In a flat, open, grassy country such as a prairie a habit like this might be useful in enabling the deer to catch momentary glimpses far about it, thus detecting the presence of enemies which otherwise would be hidden from view. But this is mere theory. It remains for some lucky observer to discover the real cause of the gait, which defies classification and name. - New York Post.

Transparent Smugglers. The resourceful French government is experimenting with X rays as a means to detect smugglers. So successful have the trials been that it is announced that the X ray machines will probably in the near future be a fixture in the most important customs houses. The rays are applied without the removal of any of the clothing of the suspect, and they reveal contraband articles hidden anywhere upon his person, even in the hollow heel of his shoe. Watches were found in linings of men's coats and women's skirts, jewelry of all kinds in the coils of women's hair and a little locket under a man's tongue. The process is simple and rapid. The reports show that 167 persons can be examined in forty-five minutes. About the only things of value that could escape detection are laces and cloths. - Cleveland Plain Dealer.

New York's Extravagant Tax. It costs New Yorkers \$31 a head to be governed. In Philadelphia and in Chicago it costs only \$13 a head, and citizens are provided with police, fire, sanitary and other protection common to large cities. In Buffalo the figure is \$12; in Washington, Bridgeport, Schenectady and cities of that sort \$11 per capita pays the tax; in Houston, Tex., the charge is under \$10; in lively Los Angeles, \$7.50; in San Antonio and Seattle each collect \$6.50, and Nashville, Tenn., is at the bottom of the list of progressive cities with a taxation of about \$6 per capita, less than one-fifth of New York's rate. The average city tax throughout the country is probably between \$10 and \$11 per capita, or almost exactly the amount by which New York has raised its per capita figure in only nine years. - Broadway Magazine.

Life and Literature. Frederic Harrison, the well known author, bewails the alleged fact that good literature is disappearing. He offers this threefold answer: "The causes are complex, subtle, deep and wide. They are: The increase of material appliances, vulgarizing life and making it a scramble for good things. Next comes the vast multiplicity of numbers tending to uniformity, erasing individuality, flattening us out into a crowd of equal mites. Lastly comes the sudden spread of a low and uncharitable instruction. Life has become infinitely faster, easier, richer, more spontaneous, less joyful, far uglier."

Coffee and Matrimony. A cafe proprietor who recently opened new premises at Berlin, started an excellent way of becoming a business. He put in the papers very enticing matrimonial advertisements. In reply to the many answers received from these a meeting was arranged at the cafe. As fortune hunting is a recognized profession in Berlin, the cafe was crowded day after day with people, chiefly men with an eye to the main chance, and the business received an excellent start.

Scott's Emulsion strengthens enfeebled nursing mothers by increasing their flesh and nerve force.
It provides baby with the necessary fat and mineral food for healthy growth.
ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

HER OWN SURGEON.

The Story of an Elephant With a Nail In Her Foot.

Paring the feet of most elephants is no more difficult than trimming the hoofs of a horse, says a writer in McClure's. The keeper simply prods his hook into an ankle. "Up," he says, and up comes the foot, measuring sometimes twenty inches across, as obediently as the dainty paw of a toy fox terrier. However, exactly like human beings, elephants have their weaknesses, and the old maddish whim of Jewel was that she wanted no one to tamper with her feet. She was a gentle, affectionate beast that would not think of hurting a flea, but where other elephants simply raised their feet and rested them on a box or a barrel until the keeper had finished with his knives and rasps and files Jewel would let out a scarp raising trumpet like the screech of a cricked bugle and would refuse to stand.

Jewel's keeper began to work, again and again coaxing up the great foot and working when he got the chance. Toward the end of the morning the point of his knife struck something hard. With a trumpet the foot came down; the trunk reached out, grasped the keeper about the arm, lifted him high in the air and carefully set him down in a corner of the stall. With sweets and caresses the keeper worked his way back to favor and cautiously cut around the obstruction, which he could see was a wire nail. But each time the knife touched the sore spot down went the foot, out came the screech, and forth reached the trunk, picking up the 180 pound man as if he were a straw and setting him into a corner as if he were a bad boy. In time, however, the head of the nail was enough cleared to permit a hold with pinchers, and the keeper was about to get these when he was gently pushed aside. The beast turned and reached with her trunk, groped across the sole with the finger-like projections at the end of it, grasped the head of the nail and with one wrench pulled out a three-inch long wire nail bent about an inch from the head.

Tonight.

If you would enjoy tomorrow take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets tonight. They produce an agreeable laxative effect, clear the head and cleanse the stomach. Price, 25 cents. Samples free at H. D. McCulloch Co.'s.

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Please note it is made alone for piles, and its action is positive and certain. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickel-capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

Man's Weakness.

Human weaknesses have had the sympathy of all ages, from the right sort of sinner, and one of the many stories related of the great eastern wit, Nasr-eddin-Hodja, illustrates this truth. A company of men were confessing their weaknesses—some of them harmless, some of them the opposite. One, however—he was very young—declared he had none. "I neither smoke nor drink," he said. "I do not keep late hours. I never lose my temper. I am not dissipated." This had a chilling effect upon the company, and everybody was glad of the diversion when a poor man rushed in upon them, beating his breast and showing other "Arabian Nights" signs of being in deep distress. "I have lost my donkey, Allah, Allah, what shall I do?" he wailed. "Here, we can help you," said Nasr-eddin-Hodja, pointing to the young man with no weaknesses. "take him. You will never find a bigger donkey." - London Chronicle.

Patenting a Hole.

"The queerest patent?" said the attorney. "Well, the queerest patent I know of was the patent of a hole. An old farmer out St. Louis was patented a hole, and, what is more, he made a lot of money on it. Now, though, it isn't worth the paper it is written on. This farmer, one morning in the dim past went to wind his big silver turnip and found the key stuck full of dirt. He tried to dig the dirt out with a pin. No go.

"'Gosh-am go!' he said, 'I'll fix 'em.' "And he drilled a hole in the key and with a single breath blew out every bit of the dirt. He was so glad that hole. He took a big fork, brought millions of keys and sold 'em for a day. He's said to have made over \$25,000 in a day. In fact, all the world used the farmer's 'patent' keys, which were the only kind it would keep clean, and the old fellow got rich." - New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Do Not Neglect the Children.

"At this season of the year, the first unnatural looseness of a child's bowels should have immediate attention. The best thing that can be given is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy followed by castor oil as directed with each bottle of the remedy. For sale by H. D. McCulloch Co.

House For Sale.

Cottage with good barn, 211 Plover street, for sale. Enquire on premises.

THE WORLD'S DREAMERS.

Castles In the Air Always Precede Castles on the Earth.

Once when Emerson was in the company of men of affairs who had been discussing railroads, stocks and other business matters for some time he said, "Gentlemen, now let us discuss real things for awhile."

Emerson was called "the dreamer of dreamers" because he had the prophetic vision that saw the world that would be, the higher civilization to come. Tens of thousands of men and women today stand where he stood almost alone. Dreamers in this sense are true prophets. They see the civilization that will be long before it arrives.

It was such dreamers who saw the great metropolis of Chicago in a struggling Indian village, the Omahas, the Kansas Cities, the Denvers, the Salt Lake Cities, the Los Angeleses and the San Franciscos many years before they arrived that made their existence possible.

It was such dreamers as Marshall Field, Joseph Leiter and Potter Palmer who saw in the ashes of the burned Chicago a new and glorified city, infinitely greater and grander than the old.

What a picture the dreamer Columbus presented as he went about exposed to continual scoffs and indignities, characterized as an adventurer, the very children, taught to regard him as a madman, pointing to their foreheads as he passed! He dreamed of a world beyond the seas, and in spite of unspeakable obstacles his visions became a glorious reality.

He died a neglected beggar, although his dreams had enriched the world, while a pickle dealer of Seville gave his name to the mighty continent Columbus had discovered. But was this Genoese dreamer a failure? Ask more than a hundred million people who inhabit the vast wilderness, the greatest continent the sun ever shone upon, if this dreamer was a failure.

Our public parks, our art galleries, our great institutions, are dotted with monuments and statues which the world has built to its dreamers—men and women who dreamed of better things, better days for the human race.

Take the dreamers out of the world's history and who would care to read it? The most of the things which make life worth living, which have emancipated man from drudgery and lifted him above commonness and ugliness—the great amenities of life we owe to our dreamers.

Our visions do not mock us. They are evidences of what is to be, the forebodings of possible realities. The castle in the air always precedes the castle on the earth.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

When the Flag is Half Mast.

Statesmen who approach the capitol daily to begin their work of lawmaking shudder and wonder when they see the flag at each end of the building at half mast. It is a sign that death has claimed one of their number since the last session. Usually they have not heard of the illness of the man in whose honor the colors are dropped. At any rate, few of them have. It is only the mighty among them whose sickness is generally known. As a rule, the first inquiry addressed by the statesman to himself when he observes the half masted ensign is as to whether the man who had been called to his reward was a member of his own branch, whether of the senate or the house. Then the startled statesman begins to run over the names of the oldest members of his branch, for invariably he is certain that death has called the aged and infirm. It seldom happens, however, that the victim was burdened with years. Somehow it seems that it is the young and vigorous body that is taken.—Washington Herald.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Remember that the money you squander won't work for you.

We are always too young to have known better if our mothers are the judges.

Men do a lot of things just as foolish as having their clothes button in the back.

Dreaming of what you would do if you had a large income is probably about the slowest way to get one.

The man who fails in his efforts to do something well is still more of a success than the one who never tries.

A mother worries if her daughters don't invited to parties and then sits up all night worrying because they are out late when they are invited.

Never occur to you that you ought to dress up more to show your clothes off? Most people as they become old neglect their personal appearance too much.—Advertiser (Columbus).

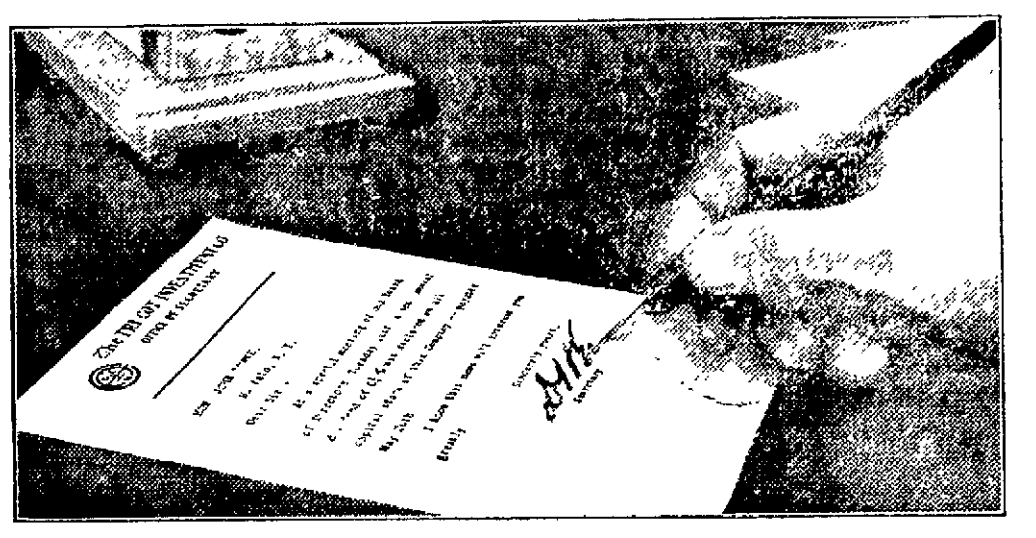
The Angel Face.

"He said I had a face like one of Raphael's angels," said the blond, with ill concealed satisfaction.

"Oh, well, the faces of Raphael's angels were all painted, you know," replied the jealous little brunette.—Chicago Record-Herald.

He Fired the Stick. WE WILL Sell YOUR Farm
I have fired the walking stick I've carried over 40 years, on account of a sore that resisted every kind of treatment, until I tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve; that is what healed the sore and made me a happy man," writes John Garrett, of North Mills, N. C. Guaranteed best for piles, burns, etc., by H. D. McCulloch Co.
Men have their weaknesses, but it is difficult to imagine one going to the President for the purpose of complaining because he was not introduced at some foreign court.
Farmers Real Estate & Loan Co. 37 Unity Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.

SIGN ON COUPON BOND



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COUPON BOND because of its quality, its body and its general appearance is by all odds the best bond paper for fine printed and lithographed stationery, checks, vouchers, bonds, bills and receipts manufactured. Yet exclusive as it is, it costs no more than other good bond papers, and in the end is cheaper. The great resources of the American Writing Paper Company make it possible for them to furnish in Coupon Bond an extremely high grade business paper at a comparatively low cost.

Order your printing done by THE GAZETTE and get the best paper made.

Table with 5 columns: Name of Owner and Description of Property, Damages, Benefits, Amounts. It lists various property owners and their details, including addresses and amounts.

The Gazette.
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BY H. B. GILKINSON
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SOUTH SIDE AND RAILROAD.

Personal and News Items of More or Less Importance to Readers of the Gazette.

Frank B. Galt started for the Pacific coast, the first of the week, and will visit points in Western Canada before his return.

Mrs. F. B. Galt and Miss May Fuller have been at Wild Rose this week, going down to attend the funeral of a relative.

Mrs. E. Cooper, of Elkader, Iowa, is a guest of her daughter, Mrs. Chas. Scholl, and will remain here a good part of the summer.

Wm. McMahon and wife drove down to Almond, last Sunday, to attend the funeral of their friend and former neighbor, Oscar Barber.

Richard Kater had come home from his law studies in Chicago, last week, to spend the summer with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. K. Lindahl.

Miss Olive Larson, of Almond, was a guest of her cousin, Mrs. P. W. Clark, the last of the week, while on her way home from Ashland.

Mrs. W. E. West left for Fond du Lac, last Saturday, to attend a meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Order of Railway Conductors, in session that day.

Wm. Marx, president of the South Side, and who is in his 90th year, was adjudged insane and taken to Oshkosh for treatment, yesterday, by Sheriff Guyant.

Forest and Pearl Sellers went to Fond du Lac yesterday morning where they will visit for several days at the home of their aunts and among numerous young friends.

Rev. and Mrs. James Blake, Mrs. G. E. Vaughn and Mrs. F. H. Patterson left for Wausau, Tuesday, to attend the annual state convention of the Central Baptist association.

Hose company No. 1 was called to the Western Wall Paper Mills, Monday evening, by a small fire that had started in some dust on top of the boilers, but no damage was done.

Miss Katherine Southwick returned from her studies in the Academy of Fine Arts, in Chicago, last week, and was accompanied by Miss Ruth Cotton, of Eau Claire, who has been her guest for a few days.

V. J. Hunter spent a couple of days at Merrill, last week, where he went to officiate in the capacity of a groomsmen at the marriage ceremony of a personal friend, F. L. Nott, who was married to Miss Josephine Beck.

Herman C. Cruiger, of North Fond du Lac, spent last Saturday evening in the city, coming up to visit his aged mother, who resides on Spruce street, and whose health has not been of the best for a few weeks past.

Miss Anna LaMere, a well known former Stevens Point lady and teacher, who has been teaching at Kennan during the past year, is visiting in the city at the homes of her sisters, Mrs. J. D. Andrews and Mrs. Geo. Sutton.

Mrs. H. H. Suhs of Waupaca and Mrs. West of Brookings, S. Dak., were among the friends from out of town who attended the funeral of S. Glover, last Monday. The ladies visited with Miss Ida Glover until yesterday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandahl, of Seattle, Wash., were guests of the latter's cousin, Mrs. W. O. Bozlee, in this city, last Thursday, going from here to Milwaukee and thence to New York. On Saturday they will sail for an extended trip to various parts of Europe.

Alderman F. H. Patterson, who left here the first of last week to attend the national convention of the J. O. U. A. M., which convened at Boston, spent Sunday at Springfield, Mass., with friends and will tarry among relatives in New York city for a few days. He is expected home the last of this week.

Mrs. Jas. H. Kimball and three daughters went to Oshkosh yesterday afternoon to visit among friends there over night, and this morning they continued their journey to Berlin, the girlhood home of Mrs. Kimball, and where her parents and sisters still reside. They will visit there for a month.

Mrs. D. A. Agnew and son, Sam, are preparing to leave here next week for Canon City, Colo., to join their husband and father, who has been at that place for a couple of years. Mr. Agnew has charge of the mining interests of his sister, Mrs. J. J. Cone, and divides his time between Canon City and Cripple Creek.

Miss Winifred Noonan, who attended the High school in this city during the past year, was tendered a farewell party by her numerous boy and girl friends, last Thursday evening, at the home of her aunt, Mrs. E. R. Zimmer. The party laid out that night for her home at Milwaukee, where her parents reside.

Mrs. Nettie Johnson, who has been conducting the Park Hotel on Monroe street for the past year, will vacate this building shortly after the 4th and move to the boarding house near the Wisconsin River paper mill. As nearly all her boarders are paper mill employees, the new location will be much more convenient for them.

C. E. Hewitt and wife have moved here from Bancroft and yesterday became owners of the stock of confectionery, cigars, etc., in the building just north of the Central passenger depot. The purchase was made from Miss C. Reynolds, who has conducted the business for the past six months. Mrs. Hewitt will devote her entire time to the store and contemplates having the building remodeled so as to accommodate several roomers. She will also furnish ice cream and other seasonable refreshments. The Hewitts have lived at Bancroft for many years, where they conducted a hotel, and Mr. Hewitt was also interested in the livery business there.

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

Articles and Items of News That Appeared in the Columns of The Gazette, Quarter of a Century Ago Today.

Miss Lizzy Mehan has returned home from the Normal school at Oshkosh.

Another rally for the Republican party! A little boy arrived at the home of J. R. McDonald not many days ago and will no doubt throw his influence in that direction in about 21 years.

Misses Theresa and Libbie Quinn left Monday evening for Chicago, in which city their mother now resides. Theresa will undoubtedly return in the course of a couple of months to take charge of one of the departments in our public schools, but Libbie will remain there.

Paris and Rodney Means, brothers of M. E. Means, have gone to Wausau, where they will open a dairy. They are one year older, and have had considerable experience in the milk business, and our Wausau friends may rely upon never receiving skimmed milk nor adulterated cream in place of the genuine article.

We were shown by Alex Krembs, last week, the cleverest counterfeit of a five cent piece we ever saw. It is perfect in every respect but one, and that is the date, the rascal engraving himself by dating the piece 1882, when none such have been issued by the government. We understand this dangerous person was recently arrested in Milwaukee.

The enigmatical opera "Pirates of Penzance," was given in this city for three successive evenings beginning Wednesday, June 21st. It was a success in every way and was under the direction of B. C. Spaulding. The singers had scarcely four weeks for preparation, but their singing and easy manners on the stage showed hard work and most excellent training. The principal parts were taken by W. B. Buckinham as the pirate chief; Charlie Winslow as Samuel, his lieutenant; Miss Phemie LeClaire, of Green Bay, as Mable; B. C. Spaulding as Frederic, the pirate apprentice; Dr. Jesse Smith as Major General Stanley; Mrs. Franc Crawford as Ruth; Misses Katie Fuller, Bessie Remington and Effie Winslow as the chief's daughters, and Fannie Catlin as pianist.

Met With Serious Accident.

Mrs. A. R. Marshall received the information, last Friday, that her daughter, Mrs. Thos. Henry, of Eau Claire, Dunn county, had been quite seriously injured by being thrown from a carriage on Wednesday afternoon. She and a companion were riding through the country and while coming down a steep hill their team became frightened, and making a sudden plunge and stop, caused the occupants to pitch head foremost over the dashboard. Swinging around toward where Mrs. Henry lay upon the ground one of the wheels struck and fractured her hip and the other fractured her left collar bone. She was at once taken to the home of a physician at Eau Claire, where she was made as comfortable as possible and will remain until she is able to be removed to her home. In the meantime she is receiving every care and attention possible. Both Mr. and Mrs. Henry are well and favorably known in this city, the former being principal of the Eau Claire public schools.

Mrs. Marshall left for that place Monday morning to assist in caring for her daughter, who is doing as well as the seriousness of her injuries will permit.

Death of S. Glover.

The taking away of Solomon Glover, who resided with his daughter, Miss Ida, at 744 Strong's avenue, at 11 o'clock last Friday evening, removed from our midst one of the oldest persons in the city. For the past year, and especially for several months, Mr. Glover had gradually failed, due to old age, but was able to be about most of the time. Friday morning when his daughter went to his room and spoke to him he complained of severe pains and his mind was wandering. He remained in this condition throughout the day. He seemed to be easier in the evening, however, but this proved to be the beginning of the end, he passing away at the hour above stated.

The deceased was a native of Germany, born in August, 1820, and came to America when about 26 years of age. He first located in New York city and later went south and made his home in Georgia, but came to Wisconsin early in the 60's and for several years made Weyauwega and Waupaca his residence. In the early 70's Mr. Glover moved to Stevens Point with his family and had resided here continuously ever since. He was a frugal, industrious citizen, and started out as a pack peddler, traveling from town to town and from house to house, and in which he was most successful. Although born and raised an orthodox Jew, he did not follow the teachings of his youth, and since his early manhood had always been a free thinker, belonging to no church or denomination. In politics Mr. Glover had always been a Democrat. His wife died five years ago, the 11th of last May and they are survived by three children, Mrs. Sam Feldman of Plainfield, Albert Glover of Wild Rose and Miss Ida Glover of this city.

The funeral took place from the residence on Strong's avenue at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon, Rev. James Blake officiating, with interment in Forest cemetery. The son and daughter from Wild Rose and Plainfield together with members of their families were present. The pallbearers were E. A. Williams, Walter Frazer, J. C. Chesley, Jos. Pietre, Wm. Calkins and Frank Sutherland.

A Card.

We wish to most sincerely extend our heartfelt thanks to the many kind neighbors and friends, whose sympathy was so freely shown after the death of our dear son and brother, Anton.

Mr. and Mrs. Aug. L. Feickard and Family.

A Card.

We desire to express our heartfelt thanks to the many kind friends who aided us so greatly during the long illness and after the death of our beloved wife and mother. We shall hold them in lasting remembrance.

George Oertel and Family.

CLOSING DAYS AT NORMAL.

Commencement Exercises Friday Forenoon Largely Attended Alumni Hold Annual Gathering.

Every seat in the Normal assembly room and all available space in addition thereto was occupied, last Friday forenoon, by those interested in the 11th annual commencement day exercises of that school. The graduates numbered 71 in all, 11 of whom were from the full course and 30 elementaries. The program opened with an invocation by Rev. J. A. Stemen and was followed by a piano solo by Miss Faye Jackson, of Fond du Lac, rendered in her always pleasing manner. "The Study of Bees," by Miss Myrtle Rowland, came next and was an interesting composition, showing much study and work in its preparation.

Mrs. Edith Olson gave an essay on "Canga: The Old and the New Education." That country, she said, is now stronger, more expansive and more populous than ever before, due to its educational advancement during recent years. Many of its young people study abroad, 300 of them having attended the schools in the United States during the past year, while 10,000 were in attendance in European schools.

After a song, "Merry June," by the Treble Clef Club, J. Reese Jones gave an oration on "The Immigration Problem." He spoke of the undesirable element that has been sent to our shores of late years, many of them being corrupt, ignorant, vicious and superstitious, worse than a dynamite bomb. This was not the case, however, he said, previous to 1870, when the immigration from across the water consisted mostly of English, Irish, Scotch and Germans. Five and one quarter millions of undesirable foreigners have come to this country during the past ten years, and it seems about time that we should have a rest. Our own people are daily brought in contact with Chinese, Italian and Slav labor, and more strict laws should be adopted and enforced to keep this class away. Miss Winifred Stinchfield next gave an essay on "The Sistine Madonna," which had been carefully prepared and indicated that the speaker was interested in her research.

The Male Quartette rendered a song, "What the Chimney Sang," and this was followed by T. Marion Risk with an oration on Child Labor, in which he deprecated the employment of children under the lawful age, as now too often practiced in this country, where two and one-half millions of frail, thin, pale and weak little boys and girls are compelled to work from day to day in the factories. The cotton mill slavery of South Carolina, where the wages of children average 22 cents per day, and their average lives are four years after entering this work, is the worst in the country. Child labor is mentally, physically and morally demoralizing, a menace to the country, and all will welcome the day when it is entirely wiped out.

Miss Clara Moeschler then gave an essay on "Goethe's Faust: A Psychological Study." This was one of the best numbers on the program, was well written and delivered in a charming manner.

Pres. Sims presented the certificate and diplomas to the graduates, previous to which he spoke to them in his always interesting, earnest and learned manner, telling the elementary class that they had now reached the half-way station, while the seniors had come to their journey's end, in so far as this school is concerned, but there are still other flights to climb, and our colleges and universities will welcome you to drink draughts from the spring of culture and learning. You have fought a good fight, have kept the faith and have each to be thankful to the watchful care of your parents, friends and the faculty. Many of you will now go forth to enter the great army of teachers, and to teach is one of the noblest works that you could engage in, that you may assist in moulding the character of the individual and impress upon it the value of education and virtue. Do not rest upon your oars after getting out of school, for there is no such thing as standing still. If you do not go forward, you must necessarily drift backward. Resolve that each daily service will be better for your connection with it. Be loyal to your ideals and resolve to do better tomorrow and each day thereafter than you were able to do the previous day. You go forth from this school with the blessing of all. We bid you an affectionate farewell and shall rejoice in your success and the excellence of the service you render in the future.

The program then closed with the singing of "America" by the audience.

THE ALUMNI BANQUET.

There was a good attendance of members of the Normal School Alumni at the 11th annual banquet, held at the Normal gymnasium last Friday evening, it being estimated that there were about 100 persons present. The first of importance on the program was a four course dinner, served by Mrs. P. J. Kellar, and was enjoyed by all.

Miss Genevieve McDill of the class of '93, acted as toastmistress and those who responded were Pres. J. F. Sims, Hal Martin '07, M. F. Wadleigh '03, Ed. Lange '05, Prof. G. E. Culver, Walter Murat '05, Regent McFarland, John T. Clements '96. Twelve members of the junior class assisted as waiters, and following the banquet a reception and dance was held, music being furnished on the piano by Mrs. Edith Olson. Later a business session was called, at which the following officers were elected to serve during the coming year:

Pres.—Gerhard Gesell '06.
Vice Pres.—Ed. Mathie '95.
Sec. and Treas.—Clara Moeschler '07.
Executive Committee—E. Mathie, Hazel Martin, Frank W. Calkins.

Alumni Editor—Harold Martin '07.
A special committee consisting of Ed. Lange, M. F. Wadleigh, Miss Genevieve McDill, Myra Congdon and Clara Moeschler were appointed to draft a new constitution and by-laws, as the original records have been lost or mislaid. Among others in attendance in addition to those mentioned above were the following: Rudolph J. Ish, Loren Sparks, Ferdinand Jaastad, Clark W. Jenkins, Katherine Southwick, Edna Pattee, Mabel Sustins, Ivy Rogers, Myrtle Rogers, Elmer C. Brown, Clara Grimm, John Karpoff, Jessie Hetzel, Alta Sherman, Daisy Doolittle, E. H. Miles, A. P. Brunstad, Myra Congdon, Mabel Olson, Ray Brasure, Margaret Southwick, Ellen Hoffman and Hannah Conway.

J. W. STROPE IS PRESIDENT.

Well Known Stevens Point Chosen Head of Old Settlers' Club. J. B. Dawley is Sec.-Treas.

The 11th annual meeting of the Portage County Old Settlers' Club was held at Sherman's grove on Thursday last, and was attended by between 300 and 400 people. The day was exceptionally fine for a picnic gathering and was enjoyed by both old and young. The business meeting was called to order by the vice president, Wm. H. Field, and the program was followed with a prayer by Rev. James Blake, pastor of the Baptist church, in the absence of Rev. Jacob Patch, who was unable to be present. The reports of the officers and committees were then read by the secretary, H. T. Webster, and this was followed by the election of officers for the ensuing year. For the office of president four names were presented, W. H. Field, Eugene Sherman, H. T. Webster and John W. Strobe, Mr. Strobe receiving a majority of the votes cast, and it was moved and carried that he be the unanimous choice of the meeting for president for the ensuing year. W. H. Field was then chosen as vice president and J. B. Dawley, of Stockton, for secretary and treasurer. A collection to defray incidental expenses met with liberal response.

Rev. James Blake, the principal speaker of the day, was next introduced and spoke to the pioneers in his cheerful, open-hearted way, which is so characteristic of the gentleman. His remarks were chiefly on the life of the late S. A. Sherman, president of the club since its formation in 1893. He gave extracts from the diary kept by Mr. Sherman a couple of years after coming to Portage county, the first date being Mar. 3, 1851. A number of interesting chapters, both of a personal and public nature, were read. Next on the program was a solo, "My Own United States," sung by a boy named Kimball, who has been blind from his birth. Mr. Strobe, the president-elect, thanked the assembled multitude for the honor conferred upon him by selecting him as president, and was followed by Rev. Mr. Brown, chaplain of the Veterans' Home at Waupaca. He spoke briefly and feelingly of the late lamented president, S. A. Sherman.

A motion to hold the next meeting at Lake Emily met with little support and was declared lost. This was followed by a motion to hold the gathering at the same place as at present, the Sherman grove, in the town of Plover, and was carried almost unanimously. The meeting closed with the singing of "America." The time for holding the next annual gathering was left subject to announcement by the president.

Must be Sure They're Right.

County clerks throughout the state have received circular letters from the state department warning them not to issue certificates of bounties on wolves or other wild animals upon which the state pays bounties, until they are thoroughly satisfied that the scalps presented are what are claimed for them, and if they are unable to decide, to send the same to the state secretary or the department of zoology at Madison for a decision.

The \$7,000 BANKRUPT STOCK OF SHOES

of J. O. HERMAN, of Waupun, which was purchased by S. JACOBSON, has arrived and IS ON SALE NOW at

JACOBSON'S STORE

409 Main Street. The stock consists of VERY FINE GRADES of the BEST MAKES in SHOES—such as:

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| The CROSSETT | The GREY BROTHERS |
| The ABBOTT | The JULIA MARLOWE |
| The SCHWAB | The RICH SHOE CO.'S |
| The FLORSCHMIDT | The BRADLEY-METCALF |
| The DOROTHY DODD | |

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and places. Value the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

FRIDAY THE 13TH

A Novel by

THOMAS W. LAWSON

Author of

"Frenzied Finance."

(Copyright, 1907, Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Chapter 1.

"Friday, the 13th; I thought as much, if Bob has started, there will be hell, but I will see what I can do." The sound of my voice as I dropped the receiver seemed to part the mists of five years and usher me into the world of Then as though it had never passed on.

I had been sitting in my office, letting the tape slide through my fingers while its every yard spelled "panic" in a constantly rising voice, when they told me that Brownley on the floor of the exchange wanted me at the 'phone, and "quick." Brownley was

Anti-People's out for an hour. They will be on the floor again in a few minutes, so I thought it safer to call you before I started to sell. Mr. Randolph, they cannot take much more of anything in here, and if I begin to throw stocks over, it will bring the gavel inside of ten minutes, and that will be to announce a dozen failures. It's yet 20 minutes to one, and God only knows what will happen before three. It's up to you, Mr. Randolph, to do something, and unless I am on a bad slant, you haven't many minutes to lose."

It was then I dropped the receiver with "I thought as much!" As I had been fingering the tape, watching five and ten millions crumbling from price values every few minutes, I was sure this was the work of Bob Brownley. No one else in Wall street had the power, the nerve, and the devilish cruelty to rip things as they had been ripped during the last 20 minutes. The night before I had passed Bob in the theater lobby. I gave him close scrutiny and saw the look of which I of all men best knew the meaning. The big brown eyes were set on space; the outer corners of the handsome mouth were drawn hard and tense as though weighted. As I had my wife with me it was impossible to follow him, but when I got home I called up his house and his clubs, intending to ask him to run up and smoke a cigar with me, but could locate him nowhere. I tried again in the morning without success, but when just before noon the tape began to jump and flash and snarl, I remembered Bob's ugly mood, and all it portended.

Fred Brownley was Bob's youngest brother, 12 years his junior. He had been with Randolph & Randolph from the day he left college, and for over a year had been our most trusted stock exchange man. Bob Brownley, when himself, was as fond of his "baby brother," as he called him, as

from Harvard. My classmate and chum, Bob Brownley, of Richmond, Va., was graduated with me. He was class poet, 1, yard marshal. We had been four years together at St. Paul's previous to entering Harvard. No girl and lover were fonder than we of each other.

My people had money and to spare, and with it a hard-headed, northern horse sense. The Brownleys were poor as church mice, but they had the brilliant, virile blood of the old southern oligarchy and the romantic, "salaam-to-no-one" Dixie-land pride of before-the-war days, when southern prodigality and hospitality were found wherever women were fair and men's mirrors in the bottom of their julep-glasses.

Bob's father, one of the big, white pillars of southern aristocracy, had gone through congress and the senate of his country to the tune of "Spend and Not Spare," which left his widow and three younger daughters and a small son dependent upon Bob, his eldest.

Many a warm summer afternoon, as Bob and I paddled down the Charles, and often on a cold, crisp night as we sat in my shooting-box on the Cape Cod shore, had we watched up for our future. I was to have the inside run of the great banking business of Randolph & Randolph, and Bob was eventually to represent my father's firm on the floor of the stock exchange. "I'd die in an office," Bob used to say, "and the floor of the stock exchange is just the chimney-place to roast my hoe-cake in." So when our college days were over my able old father stood us up against the wall in his office, and tried us by his tests, and proud we both were when dad said: "Jim, you and Bob have chosen well. You, Jim, are just the chap to step into my shoes, and Bob is cut to a thirty-second and sixty-fourth for the floor." Proud we were, not so much because of what my father's decision meant for our future, for we knew we should get into the business all right, but because our judgment was indorsed by one we both thought as near infallible as man could be in anything pertaining to business affairs.

Bob was then 22 and I a year older—I one of your raw-boned New England lads, not much for prettiness, but willing to weigh in race-day with any of them for steadiness and staying qualities; Bob as handsome as they made them, six feet tall in his gym sandals straight as an arrow, with the form of an Indian, and one of those clean, brave, all-for-heart-nothing-for-policy, smiling faces to which men yield willing friendliness, and women, idolatry. Bob's eyes were as big and round and purple-brown as an English bulldog's, unfathomable, at once mild and stern, with a childish come-and-go perplexity; his nose as straight as though chiseled by a master for a Greek medallion, with thin curved lips to correspond, and a high, broad forehead, whose whiteness was set off by a luxuriance of hair that seemed jet-black; but was of the same rare purple-brown as his eyes. But it was the poise of Bob's head that gave his good looks their crown. Whoever has seen a bunch of two-year-old colts in a long-grass Kentucky paddock, when the dark boy lets loose his shrill whistle at "taking-up time," is sure to remember one that threw up its head and kept it poised to make sure it had caught the call. Grace, strength and unbarren wayward leadership are there personified. Some such suggestion was ever in the carriage of Bob's shapely head and vigorous figure, and dull indeed would be the man or woman who failed to recognize the man's rare distinction and masterfulness.

Indeed, as I said a bit back, Bob Brownley was by all odds one of the handsomest men I have ever seen, but besides that, he was a sterling, manly, unaffected fellow, as true as steel, as brave as a lion and the best comrade friend ever had.

Perhaps it was because his father's death had saddled Bob's youth with the heavy responsibilities of husbanding and directing his family's slim finances that he took to business as a swallow to the air. We entered the office of Randolph & Randolph on the same day, and on its anniversary, a year later, my father summoned us into his office for a sort of tally-up talk. Neither of us quite knew what was coming, and we thrilled with pleasure when he said:

"Jim, you and Bob have fairly outdone my expectations. I have had my eye on both of you and I want you to know that the kind of industry and business intelligence you have shown here would have won you recognition in any banking house on the street." I want you both in the firm—Jim to learn his way round so he can step into my shoes; you, Bob, to take one of the firm's seats on the stock exchange."

Bob's face went red and then pale with happiness as he reached for my father's hand.

"I'm very grateful to you, sir, far more so than words can say, but I want to talk this proposition over with Jim here first. He knows me better than anyone else in the world, and I've some ideas I'd like to thrash out with him."

"Speak up here, Bob," said my father.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Chance for a Bargain.

An Irishman who had begun to practice photography went into a shop to purchase a small bottle in which to mix some of his solutions. Seeing one he wanted, he asked the chemist how much it would be. "Well," said the chemist, "it will be twopence as it is, but if you want anything in it, I won't charge you for the bottle." "Then," said Pat, "put a cork in it."

SAFEGUARD THE HOME

GOOD CITIZENS ARE THE BULWARK OF THE NATION.

EDUCATION AND PROTECTION

Two Vital Things to Be Considered by Those Who Would See the Greatest Progress and Advancement.

Where is found the greatest advancement and civilization there is also found among the people the highest type of fealty and love of home. The American homes are the most substantial pillars of the nation's greatness, and in American citizenship is found the bulwark of our republican government.

Where the home life is ideal, there is found genuine patriotism which is always commensurate with the enlightenment and the domestic happiness of the people. How important it is then that every safeguard be thrown about the home, which is the hotbed where are produced for development all the strength that is necessary for the perpetuation of a government and the maintenance of a nation's greatness.

The student who will study into conditions of the countries that are continually wrecked by internal turmoil, such as Russia and the Central American republics, will discover the homes are far from ideal homes, and that there is an absence of the love of country that should be found in the hearts of its citizens. There is a duty that involves upon all, and which is due to the generations growing and to come. The duty is to surround the home with such environments as will make it attractive and develop in the growing youth the highest qualities of manhood and womanhood. Where the people are oppressed by monarchy and feudalism there is no incentive to develop the highest state of home life. In America where all are upon an equal plane and opportunities are open to every citizen, and where the people are secure in their rights to homes, there is every reason why each one should make the greatest endeavor to found for himself and his progeny a residence place that will be sure from intrusion and be an incentive to higher mental and social development.

Education is all important and no other country in the world offers to all such glorious advantages to receive enlightenment as does the United States. It is important that the home be located near good schools. Good schools are generally found where there are good homes and good towns. The quality of citizenship of a community can generally be gaged by the standard of its educational institutions. It is important to the home builder that the town wherein he is located or which he may reside near, be a progressive place. And the better that this town be, the better will be its educational facilities for the youth. It is essential to the greatest good of a community that it be realized by all residing within it that the more wealthy it can be made, the greater will be its advantages both as to education and otherwise. By support to home institutions the home is made better in every way. Patriotic citizens will make it their first aim to be loyal to their own home interests and then their state and nation. One who is loyal to home is generally faithful in the performance of all the duties that good citizenship implies.

Who Makes the Town?

The editor of the paper at Coyle, Okla., asks in large letters, "Who makes the town?" To make a town requires the work of many people. It is surely not the man who earns his wages in the town and then spends his earnings elsewhere; not the farmer who sells his produce to the home merchant and then takes the money to the express or post office and sends it to the Chicago mail order house for the goods he needs; nor the minister who is paid for preaching by the business interests of the place, and spends his spare time in working up grocery clubs for an outside concern. No, brother, these men do not make towns.

Gov. Folk on Home Trade.

"We are proud of our splendid cities and we want them to increase in wealth and population and we also want our country town to grow. We wish the city merchants to build up but we also desire the country merchants to prosper. I do not believe in the mail order citizen. If a place is good enough for a man to live in and make his money in, it is good enough for him to spend his money in."

Misfits in Songs.

"I'm going to see a new American play to-night," she was saying. "It's by an English author. All the best American plays these days are written by English authors."

"I hope they are more apt than the songs they write," remarked her friend. "Have you forgotten the English song that had a chorus about the 'Cotton fields way down in Old New Jersey'?"

Killing the Small Towns.

It is impossible to build up towns without there being business to employ the people who reside in them. The mail order system of doing business is killing off the small town, and as a result the farmers residing near them suffer by having a poor market, and poor schools and other blessings of the kind that go with the live town. Not alone this but farm values are kept down.

NO TIME FOR STUDY.

People Who Are Either Too Busy or Too Indolent for Self-Improvement.

That person who takes no interest in affairs of his fellow men, who fails to keep himself informed as to what is transpiring around him, is far from being either progressive or well-informed. These days when papers and magazines are so plentiful and so cheap, there is little excuse for the average person not keeping closely in touch with events, and particularly keeping enlightened as to what is transpiring that may affect his own individual interests.

One of the great beauties, and an extraordinary privilege of our American form of government, is the right of every citizen to take a part in public affairs and particularly in governmental transactions. How many follow party leaders, perhaps blindly, and too late find that they made errors through not having understood the situation? How many who are negligent in the study of measures that are brought up for consideration both by state and national legislative bodies, and too late find that unwise laws were enacted that directly oppressed certain classes to the advantage of others? How many people are gathered in by alluring promises made in the finely printed literature sent broadcast through the country for the purpose of exploitation of fraudulent stock companies, just through not keeping informed as to the means and methods employed by schemers to entrap the unwary? It is conservatively estimated that each year more than \$50,000,000 are taken from the earnings of the people just through the operations of fraudulent mining, oil, insurance and like concerns. It would be impossible for the promoters of such frauds to exist were the people careful readers of the newspapers and the magazines, the pages of which are filled with accounts of the doings of "get-rich-quick" schemes.

These days there is every opportunity for self-improvement. Rural deliveries carry papers to the most remote farms, and telephones connect the farmhouses in the average community. If the people were only to utilize the means so close at hand, and to take the time to read, and examine into such propositions as interest them, there would be less cause for complaint on the part of those who perchance get their "fingers blistered." It is evident from the success that exploiters of schemes meet with, that the majority of people lack good business judgment, or that they are blinded by some inherent gambling desire. It is always a safe plan to avoid any investment that offers more than legitimate returns on an investment. Any proposition that will pay even ten per cent. a year, and where the principal is secured, can find all the capital that may be required for its operation, without calling upon the general public. It is only the uncertain kind of investments, the ones that are a "gamble," such as mining, and the like, that are most prominent in the advertising columns of the papers. The basis on which the promoters work, is the inclination of the people to seek great returns for little money. It is the same sentiment that allows numerous establishments located in different parts of the country to dispose of cheap goods at enormous profits through holding out to the people the promise of extraordinary values. The well-informed man will avoid all kinds of investment schemes that are designed to draw money from the pockets of the people, and will also refuse to buy any "pigs in bags," it matters not whether the matter of barter be stocks and bonds or the necessities of life.

Contrary to Home Building.

Trade is the life of the agricultural town. Any system that diverts this trade is injurious to the community. Here lies the evils of the mail order system. By drawing the trade from the towns, the principal support goes, and with its going disappears the employment for the people, the school system, and the churches and all the advantages that the town affords to the people of the community. Not alone this but home markets are destroyed and the farmer finds the value of his land reduced. Have the importance of home trading and home support instilled into the minds of the farmers in general, and there will be a rapid falling off of the catalogue house patronage.

Importance of Good Roads.

The town that has good roads leading to it is blessed. Surely there is no more disagreeable thing, nor anything more adverse to the business interests of a place than impassable boggy roads. There is a little excuse in the well settled community for poor roads. It may in the beginning be somewhat expensive to put the roads in order, but in the end it will prove that the saving in wear and tear on wagons and horses will well repay all the additional expense. And to the town good roads are almost vital. The average farmer would rather drive three or four miles farther to a town over good roads than do his trading when it is necessary to go hub deep in mud to the nearer place.

Adulterated Foodstuffs.

Recently a number of samples of coffee, extracts and canned goods sent out by a premium giving concern were examined by chemists in Missouri and in South Dakota and found to be greatly adulterated. These goods were sold at prices as high as the local grocers charge for the best class of articles. Those who are careful of health should not buy foodstuffs that comes from the mail order houses, or from the premium giving concerns.

DOCTOR IS CABIN BOY.

Milwaukee Physician Quits Large Practice for \$10 Job at Sea.

New York.—It was the fascination of the Pacific, the undeniable attraction of endless blue skies and rolling seas that caught Daniel Wylie, a Milwaukee physician, and caused him, as so many others have done, to secure employment that would keep him in the Sandwich Islands. Less than a year ago Wylie, about 35 years old, shipped out of this port for Honolulu as "cabin boy" aboard the American bark Nuuanu, Capt. Jocelyn. Now he is purser of an island steamer plying between Honolulu, Maui, Hawaii and other islands.

The Nuuanu has come back. Capt. Jocelyn, an elderly skipper, who lives at Duxbury, Mass., told of his physician cabin boy. He said: "He made a good cabin boy; never saw a better one to clean brasses than Wylie. He was a good doctor, too, by all accounts. A man about 35 years old, I should imagine. He got \$10 a month as cabin boy and said he left a practice of \$10,000 a year to make the sea trip. He was shattered in health, you see; nerves gone; worked too hard. Well, naturally, you can see what it led to. His health gave way and he was advised to go east and take a long sea trip."

"Seems his wife was dead and he had left two children out west there. Wylie stood the test well. When we were out a few days he was very bad and could hardly get about. After that he braced up, however, and steadily recovered his health."

HORSE FOR THE MUSEUM.

Skeleton of Stonewall Jackson's Charger Is Secured.

Pittsburg, Pa.—With the great mass of official business off his hands, caused by the annual meeting of the Museum Directors' association, in this city recently, Dr. W. J. Holland now intends to devote himself to the mounting of the many new finds made within the last few months.

By far the most interesting of these, from a historical standpoint, is the skeleton of Stonewall Jackson's horse, which was secured by the director against much quiet but persistent competition. Dr. Holland will prepare this exhibit with his own hands, and it probably will be placed in the museum within a fortnight. The skeleton is said to be practically perfect.

The skeleton of another famous war horse of the rebellion, Winchester, the charger of Gen. Phil Sheridan, in his famous 20-mile ride, is government property, and is kept in the museum on Governor's island, in New York harbor. This museum for a long time has been going to ruin through the lack of an appropriation to keep it up, and the hide of the old war horse is rapidly falling away from dry rot.

It is possible that "Winchester" will be added to the Carnegie collection or that both Jackson's and Sheridan's horses will ultimately stand side by side in a national museum.

TALL PEOPLE LIVE LONGEST.

Cleveland Health Officer Says Germs Can't Climb Up to Their Noses.

Cleveland, O.—Health Officer Martin Friedrich, of this city advances a new germ theory that is certainly encouraging to people who are tall.

"Blessed are the tall," says Friedrich, "for they shall live long. A six-footer," he continued, "has more chance to escape disease germs than the little fellow. Those built close to the ground must be on the lookout."

Friedrich was perusing the physicians' mortality reports, and noticed a prevalence of children's diseases. Out of 26 cases of cerebro-spinal meningitis, or spotted fever, reported to his department since January 1, all of the victims have been children.

"I believe that most of the disease germs are close to the ground," he said. "We know that these germs are taken into the system through the nose in breathing. They find a breeding place in the dirt of the streets, and as they are stirred up by the passing pedestrians, they are drawn into the nose."

"The germs never reach any great altitude. Most of them are falling toward the earth, and as the children's noses are closer to the ground than those of adults, they are more likely to inhale the disease-makers."

WIGS NOW MADE OF GLASS.

Lack of the Genuine Article Forces Use of Novel Substitute.

London.—The enormous feminine demand for artificial coils and toupes is leading to a famine in human hair. Formerly Swiss, German and Hungarian girls supplied the world of fashionable women with luxuriant tresses of all tints.

But the governments of many countries are now making it illegal for a girl to sell her hair or for any agent to buy it. The supply in consequence is running short, and the prices of real hair are trebling.

A series of successful experiments point to spun glass as the most effective substitute for human hair. Wigs made from spun glass are wonderfully light and fine and the texture soft and beautiful.

It is easy to produce any shade desired, while curls and waves can be manufactured at will to suit the fashion of the moment. The imitation is so realistic and true to life that it is impossible to detect the difference between it and real hair grown on the head.



"Mr. Randolph, it's sizzling over here and getting hotter every second."

our junior partner and floor man. He talked with a rush. Stock exchange floor men in panics never let their speech hobble.

"Mr. Randolph, it's sizzling over here, and it's getting hotter every second. It's Bob—that is evident to all. If he keeps up this pace for 20 minutes longer, the sulphur will overflow 'the street' and get into the banks and into the country, and no man can tell how much territory will be burned over by to-morrow. The boys have begged me to ask you to throw yourself into the breach and stay him. They agree you are the only hope now."

"Are you sure, Fred, that this is Bob's work?" I asked. "Have you seen him?"

"Yes, I have just come from his office, and glad I was to get out. He's on the war-path, Mr. Randolph—uglier than I ever saw him. The last time he broke loose was child's play to his mood to-day. Mother sent me word this morning that she saw last night the spell was coming. He had been up to see her and sisters, and mother thought from his tone he was about to disappear again. When she told me of his mood, and I remembered the day, I was afraid he might seek his vent here. Also I heard of his being about town till long after midnight. The minute I opened his office door he flew at me like a panther. I told him I had only dropped in on my rounds for an order, as they were running off right smart, and I didn't know but he might like to pick up some bargains. 'Bargains!' he roared, 'don't you know the day? Don't you know it is Friday, the 13th? Go back to that hell-pit and sell, sell.' 'Sell what and how much?' I asked. 'Anything, everything. Give the thieves every share they will take, and when they won't take any more, ram as much again down their crops until they spit up all they have been buying for the last three months.' Going out I met Jim Holliday and Frank Swan rushing in. They are evidently executing Bob's orders, and have been pouring

Nineteen years ago I was graduated

GREAT WORKS AND THEIR COST IN HUMAN LIVES

Spanning Wide Rivers, Erecting Skyscrapers, Boring Tunnels and Subways, Not Done Without Many Fatalities.

Tales of Heroism Relieve Recital of Appalling Disasters—Hairbreadth Escapes and Startling Adventures Form Part of the Building Up of the Great City of the Future—"Immunes" Sought All Over Earth.

New York—Not millions of dollars alone, nor the skill of designers, nor the cunning of craft-men enter into the making of a great city. Skyscrapers, bridges, tunnels and subways must be purchased at a heavy cost of human life. Few realize how many men die that a great public work may be created. Engineers and builders say that the sacrifice is inevitable. Six tunnel systems are being constructed under the North and East rivers. According to one estimate, there is one man killed in them, on an average, for every day of the year. A well-known engineer has estimated that every floor of a modern building of pretentious size has cost a life, either in the forests where the timber has been cut, in the coal and iron mines, and stone quarries, the steel mills, the caissons sunk deep in the earth for the foundations, or in the steel superstructures that rise lacelike to the sky.

Hairbreadth Escapes.
Yet the spirit of adventure walks hand in hand with death. While many lives were lost that the Brooklyn and Williamsburg bridges might be built, there were escapes by the workmen engaged on them that would seem grotesque and improbable if put into a novel. A man may die for every day of the year during the construction of a caisson or river tunnel, but the men who escape tell stories that would enhance the fame of Hugo, Poe, or Eugene Sue. The sacrifice of life in public works, too, is a story apart from the record of seven lives ended by violence in this city for every day in the year. It takes no count of the men, women and children killed by accidents in the streets—one victim for every sunset.

A hint of the sacrifice of life in public works was found in the records of the board of coroners in Manhattan. Last year there were 2,160 deaths by violence in the boroughs, and 684, or nearly one-third, were caused by falls, explosions, the collapse of earth in excavations, premature blasts, and falling rocks and timbers. The river tunnels were pushed forward at the cost of 68 lives, or 43 in the Pennsylvania terminal works, 20 in the Belmont tunnel, two in the subway borings under the East river, and three in the Hudson company's terminal at Church and Dey streets.

The erection of the Brooklyn bridge

when he became an invalid from exposure, overwork and anxiety.

The Deadly "Bends."

The centers of interest in this great engineering feat were the caissons—huge wooden boxes sunk 40 feet below the water line, to hold the foundations—and in these caisson disease, or "the bends," caused endless anxiety. The disease is the more dangerous because the physicians have not made up their minds precisely what it is. Men who work under compressed air in tunnels or caissons are seized with cramps, severe pains in the joints, and dizziness, and are doubled up like jackknives. Not infrequently paralysis and death follow. The reports of the building of the Brooklyn bridge show that there were 28 cases of "the bends," three of them ending in death.

While the caisson work was under way a disastrous fire occurred in the box on the Brooklyn side in December, 1870. The chamber was flooded, and the damage cost weeks of labor and delay. On the day of the fire Col. Roebling spent seven hours in the caisson. When he returned to the surface he was partially paralyzed. This was one of the causes of his ill health.

There were between 30 and 40 fatal accidents while the towers and superstructure of the bridge were building. Three of the workmen were killed by falling derricks on the Brooklyn tower. Two more fell from the Manhattan tower and received fatal injuries.

Border on Humorous.

Some of the escapes, miraculous as they seemed to be, were not without their suggestions of humor. One workman fell from the Manhattan anchorage to the ground, 80 feet below, struck a pile of lumber, and lived to tell of it. He struck the lumber with such force that he broke one of the planks neatly in the middle. Another workman plunged into one of the well holes in the Brooklyn tower. At the bottom, 104 feet below, was a pool of water with an empty cement barrel floating around in it. The falling man landed on the barrel and rolled off into the water. He was only slightly hurt.

An unprecedented record was made when the Williamsburg bridge was built between 1897 and 1904. Al-

sank deeper and deeper beneath the river bed, until, when the workmen were 107 feet below water level, the shafts had been reduced to two a day of 15 minutes each. The "sand hogs" were provided with dressing rooms, hot baths, steam elevators to carry them to the surface, and plenty of hot coffee. Some of the men were attacked by caisson disease, but none of them ended fatally.

This great public work was not to be accomplished, however, without the usual tribute of human life. The working force on the bridge varied from 400 to 800 men. Twenty of them were killed, mostly by falls. As was the case with the Brooklyn bridge, some of the escapes were grotesque, some almost miraculous.

Williamsburg Bridge Fire.

Many New Yorkers will recall the splendid spectacle one night early in November, 1902, when burning oil and woodwork atop the Manhattan tower of the bridge shone over the city like a blazing meteor. Then the firemen, powerless to fight the blaze 100 feet in the air, watched the flames spread to the swaying foot bridges until they became great festoons of running fire.

Several men were on the bridge at the time, but they all escaped. One

workman, three belonged to the engineering staff, and 17 were persons not connected with the operations. In the two years the subway cost 16 lives, all but one of the victims being workmen. Again in 1902 the list was formidable. Twenty-one lives were lost and 214 persons were hurt, 199 of them being employees.

Dangers of Compressed Air.

With all precautions it is apparently impossible to prevent "the bends" claiming its victims. Two "sand hogs" died in one day last October, for instance, because, as the doctors believed, they had passed too quickly from the compressed airlocks to the surface. A conspicuous example was the death of young Channing Bullard on January 8, last. Bullard was a big, husky fellow, a graduate of Cambridge Latin school, and an expert electrician. He started to learn tunneling, and decided to begin at the bottom by becoming a "sand hog." He passed the examinations and went to work on a Monday morning as a hydraulic fitter in the Pennsylvania tunnel under the East river. When he came to the surface that night he almost fainted with "the bends." The physician took him back into the tunnel, put him in the medical airlock at the foot of the shaft, and, as is



of them crossed the traverse platform from one blazing foot bridge to the other just as the burning structure fell. For awhile he hung there over the river swaying to and fro like a spider whose web is torn by the wind. Then he climbed to the big cable overhead and crawled slowly to the Brooklyn tower.

When the bridge was nearly finished a riveter slipped on an icy platform and fell 150 feet to the East river. He turned several somersaults on his way down, struck the water with a great splash, and was fished out almost uninjured. Later a riveter's apprentice stepped on a greasy girder, slipped and fell to the ground, 100 feet beneath. He landed in a heap of sand, got up and looked around, as he said later, "to see if he was dead." His only injuries were a broken arm and some bruises.

Lives Lost in Subway.

In the building of the subway there have been nearly 750 accidents, costing 90 lives, or four victims for every mile of track. Hardly had the work been started, in 1900, when falling rock in the south heading of the One Hundred and Sixty-eighth street tunnel killed five workmen and injured two others. A similar accident in one of the Murray Hill tunnels cost the life of Maj. Ira A. Shaler, a sub-contractor. Chief Engineer William B. Parsons, who was with him, had a narrow escape.

The explosion of dynamite in the same section of the work, near Forty-second street, on January 27, 1902, shattered the windows for blocks around and killed five persons, four of them being in the Murray Hill hotel. In October, 1903, another fall of rock near Fort George killed ten workmen.

It was not these more serious accidents, however, that swelled the list of dead in subway building to a formidable total. Rather was it the casualty to single workmen or to some careless bystander—death in the dark recesses of the East river tunnels or a Harlem bluff, the results of a misstep that sent a workman crashing into the depths of an open trench, injuries from falling timbers, or lives snuffed out by miscalculated blasts, or an avalanche of soggy soil. In 1900, when the subway was started, 27 workmen and eight outsiders were involved in accidents more or less serious. Construction work was in progress at many points in 1901, and the number of casualties was swelled to 176. Of those killed or injured, 156 were

usually the case, "recompressed" him—that is, treated him under the pressure of compressed air. The next morning Bullard was unconscious. He was sent to a hospital, and died that evening. In his case it was said that he had Bright's disease which developed rapidly under air pressure.

Search World for "Immunes."

The necessity of obtaining "sand hogs" with these peculiar physical qualifications, with tunnel building in this city to an extent hitherto unprecedented for tunnel workers, and not a little difficulty in obtaining the required number. The Pennsylvania railroad, for instance, literally searched the world for men of experience to build the tunnels. On the cross-town shafts they have scores of Austrians who get their experience in the Simplon tunnel. The engineers and foremen include men who have tunneled in Egypt, South Africa and England. As many as 5,000 men have been employed at one time on the McAdoo tunnel project. On account of the constant menace to life and limb, their wages are proportionately large.

Chief Cause of Danger.

The large number of casualties on the North river works is explained by the peculiar difficulties of the work. The East river tunnels were driven largely through rock. In the North river the tunnels must be driven through masses of soft silt, varying from oozing mud to treacherous quicksands. The compressed air must be maintained at a higher pressure to keep out the water. The danger is greatest from a "blowout" or a leak, with its sudden inrush of water. Indeed, the old heading of the tunnel which crosses the North river at Morton street was abandoned at one time because so many lives were lost by "blowouts."

Last January eight "sand hogs" fought for their lives in a caisson nearly 100 feet under ground at the Hudson companies' terminal at Fulton and Church streets. There was a "blowout" and a sudden inrush of water. The eight men scrambled for the ladder reaching up to the door of the airlock. The opening was only large enough for one man to pass through at a time, and the men fought on the ladder to be the first to reach it. Two of them fell back into the water in a struggling heap. A third got his head through the door and was dragged back by two others. All three fell on a fourth, and all had a ducking. Finally the resturers in the air lock hoisted them from their trap

LITTLE CAUSE FOR WORRY.

More or Less Glittering Bait Held Out to Cow Punchers.

Over in the Salmon river meadows country, in Idaho, ranged a wild and woolly bunch of long-haired cow punchers, whose knowledge of the world was confined mainly to trips after cattle into surrounding counties. Into this reckless but verdant community there came the smooth-tongued representative of a wild west show, who hired several riders at a high salary to do a half-raising act, the chief feature being that they should appear to be thrown from their horses and dragged by the foot.

After they had practiced in a corral for a while one of them loosened himself and rising from the dirt, disheveled and dazed, inquired: "Say, mister, ain't this rather dangerous? We might get killed."

"That's all right," chirped the show's representative cheerfully. "Your salary will go on just the same."—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE REORGANIZED NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The new Board of Trustees of the New York Life Insurance Company, chosen by the policyholders under the Armstrong laws, has taken charge of the company's affairs and has begun the work of reorganization.

In choosing the principal officers of the company, the Board has adhered to the idea that a life insurance company should be managed by life insurance men. The new president is Darwin P. Kingsley, a college bred man of good New England stock, who has been in the company's service in a variety of capacities for a period of nearly twenty years. In the parlance of life insurance, he "began with the rate book" and has advanced step by step up to his present position.

The first vice president of the company is Thomas A. Buckner, who has served the company for more than a quarter of a century,—indeed has never had any other business connection.

Associated with these men are others long trained in the company's service, each an expert in his own department of work. Wm. E. Ingersoll, who has for many years had charge of the company's great business in Europe, is one of the second vice presidents, and will continue at the head of the company's office in Paris.

Rufus W. Weeks, who has been in the company's service for nearly forty years, ranks next to Mr. Buckner as vice president, and continuous as chief actuary of the company.

The policyholders have expressed their belief in this company in no uncertain terms. The upheaval in life insurance within the last two years has resulted in a great deal of misunderstanding and policyholders, alarmed on matters which were not very clear to them, have been disposed to give up their contracts at a heavy sacrifice. This has not been true in the New York Life to any great extent. The company had \$2,000,000,000 insurance on its books when the life insurance investigation began, and while the laws of the State of New York now do not permit any company to write over \$150,000,000 a year (which is about one-half the New York Life formerly did), the company's outstanding business still exceeds \$2,000,000,000.

Policyholders generally will be still further reassured by this action of the Board, as it places at the head of the company to protect their interests men of thorough training and unexceptionable character.

The Mules Understood.

A story is told of Senator Knute Nelson, who spent some of his early years in a logging camp. He there discovered the necessity of certain emphatic language in order to make mules move. "All varieties" of tongues were in demand in that camp: Scandinavian, German, Italian—but none of the words used seemed to have the explosive force to adjust the tempo of the mule to the desired pace. Along came a strapping Irishman, who used some popular expletives, usually indicated in print by blank, blank, or ———. The mules moved! "There's a language all mules understand," said the Irishman, "and it's not me mother tongue, ayther."—Joe Mitchell Chapple, in National Magazine.

Satisfied.

A seedy-looking loafer, having ordered and eaten a large and sumptuous dinner, explained to the waiter that he had no money.

The waiter immediately told the restaurant proprietor, who sent for a policeman.

The proprietor, going up to the unwelcome guest, explained that he had sent for a policeman.

"Thank goodness! you didn't send for a stomach pump!" the seedy one replied, with huge contentment.—Illustrated Bits.

Good for Evil.

One Sunday a teacher was trying to illustrate to her small scholars the lesson, "Return good for evil." To make it practical she said:

"Suppose, children, one of your schoolmates should strike you, and the next day you should bring him an apple—that would be one way of returning good for evil."

To her dismay one of the little girls spoke up quickly: "Then he would strike you again to get another apple!"

Water Remarkably Pure.

The water of Loch Katrine, in Scotland, is wonderfully pure. It holds only quarter-pound of alluvial deposit to every 1,000 gallons of water. The Thames averages four pounds to the 1,000 gallons.

NEW ONION RECIPES

GOOD DISHES MADE FROM AROMATIC VEGETABLE.

It Would Seem That All Possibilities of Cooking This Valuable Food Had Been Exhausted, But Try These Three.

What cooks would do if suddenly deprived of the onion makes one shudder to think. There is no savory dish without a hint of its toothsome presence. Its varied uses are legion; it is not only valuable in cookery but is useful medicinally. It is said that in cases of malaria the free use of onions is wonderfully helpful, while onion tea is one of the latest aids in the treatment of gall stones. Onions are also good for those who are poor sleepers, being soothing to the nerves.

Onions may be boiled, fried, stewed or baked, or eaten raw as a salad; in fact, so general is their use that it seems hardly possible to suggest a new recipe, but here are two or three that will be valuable:

Onion Soup.—Cup up four large onions and brown them in six ounces of butter for two minutes; add salt, cayenne and a quart of stock; cook slowly one hour, then add a large cup of hot milk with two beaten eggs and stir in quickly. Lay in the bottom of the tureen toasted bread squares sifted with Parmesan cheese and turn the soup over them.

Baked Spanish Onions.—Take four Spanish onions and with a sharp knife cut out some of their centers; do not pare them, but boil in salted water one hour; take them out, dry them and stuff them with grated cheese, butter, pepper and salt. Bake with a moderate oven. When done they may be eaten from the skin or the outer skin removed and a rich brown gravy poured over them.

Onion Fritters.—Make a batter as for clam fritters and add three large onions grated, pepper, salt, and a dash of celery salt. Fry in hot lard and serve with English chops.

Work with a Short Thread.

Half the vexation of embroiderers comes from using too long a thread. If it does not tangle hopelessly at the most critical minute, it is sure to rough up or grow thin and break in the most maddening fashion.

It is really very little more trouble to work with a thread or silk correct length. Of course it necessitates more frequent threading of needles, but if one's eyes are too bad to perform this operation quickly they are not in a condition to do fine embroidery. If loss of time is the bugbear, infinitely more is lost, as a rule, with knots and breaks and tangles than in threading an extra needle or two.

If a skein of silk or cotton is cut at both ends the thread is about the right length.

Rolls.

One quart flour, one yeast cake, one teaspoon lard or butter, two teaspoons sugar, one-half cup thick cream, one-half teaspoon salt. Rub hard into flour, dissolve yeast cake in one-half cup warm water, add sugar and stir all together with a wooden spoon and enough warm water to make quite a stiff dough. Let rise in a warm place, or covered from drafts. In two hours add one-half cup thick cream, cut the dough with a knife until the cream is incorporated, let rise another two hours, then turn on a floured board and shape into rolls. Let rise again and bake 30 minutes in a quick oven. A tablespoon of butter and egg may be substituted for the cream.

Berry Marmalade.

For each pound of capped and weighed berries allow three-quarters of a pound of white sugar. Put the berries into the kettle and bring to a steady boil. Keep it up for half an hour, then dip out all the juice that will come away without squeezing the fruit and add the sugar to the berries left in the kettle. Do not be afraid of getting the marmalade too dry. The sugar will make syrup enough. Cook for half an hour after the contents of the kettle begin to boil again and turn, boiling hot, into tumblers or jars, sealing at once.

Make jelly of the surplus juice you have dipped out.

Lemon-Ginger Apple Sauce Cake.

Stew five or six large apples with the peel of one-half lemon. Cream one cup of sugar, one-half cup each of chicken, butter and beef drippings. Mix with the sugar one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half allspice, one-half clove. Into the strained applesauce put one teaspoon soda dissolved in a little hot water. Mix liquid and dry ingredients. Add two cups of bread flour, and last of all three-fourths of shredded preserved ginger root, over which has been dusted a tablespoon of flour taken from the two cups. Bake three-fourths of an hour. Use with hot sauce for a pudding. Too dry for cake usually.

Doing up Chamois Gloves.

Chamois gloves, so popular this season, should be washed on the hands. After making a good lather, squeeze and rub as though washing the hands, and then rinse in cold water. Wipe with a soft linen cloth, but not with enough friction to wear. When dry, push into shape with the glove stretcher.

To Clean Gold and Silver Lace.

Sew the lace in a clean linen cloth, boil in a quart of soft water and a quarter pound of laundry soap. Rinse in cold water. If badly tarnished, apply spirits of wine to the parts.



between 1870 and 1885 advanced to the accompaniment of casualty and death. John A. Roebling, the first engineer in chief, lost his life as the result of his responsibilities and an injury received while at work on the bridge. His eldest son, Col. W. A. Roebling, succeeded him, but the bridge was still in its early stages

though as many as 250 men worked at once under compressed air in the caissons, not a single death from "the bends" was reported. The hard lessons of the Brooklyn bridge caissons had been well learned. At first the "sand hogs" worked in eight-hour shifts. The working periods were gradually reduced as the caissons